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THE BOY'S FIRST BEAR.

He Went for Trout, but Found a Grizzly
and a Mountain Lion.

Young Holter Kennett, the son of Col. Percy Kennett, the well-known hunter of Helena, Mont., killed his first bear a few weeks ago under exciting circumstances. For the first time the lad was a member of the annual spring hunting party arranged by his father. This year they went into the heart of the region north of Salmon River, Idaho, known as the Devil's Canyon country.

Now that the hunting of Elk, antelope, and deer is prohibited by law at certain seasons, the hunters of the northwest have gone after the fiercer game found in the wildest and most remote sections of the mountains. Devil's Canyon country is almost unexplored. The party camped on the banks of the upper fork of the Jush River, and Col. Kennett and his friends went out for a two days' trip, leaving Jim Collins, the head cook, and the boy in charge of the camp.

In the afternoon Holter went over to the river to catch a mess of mountain trout. He sat by a cottonwood tree a few feet from an old prospect hole. He had been fishing an hour or more, and had been throwing the trout behind him in the river grass, when he heard a shuffling noise from behind. He turned and saw a great brown grizzly bear standing erect, with his fore-paws filled with live trout.

Although the bear was not six feet away the boy pluckily raised his gun and fired. The bear's left paw dropped, but he continued to advance, while the boy dodged behind the tree and sent another shot, which landed squarely in the animal's side. The bear tumbled over on the ground, and the boy started forward with a yell of delight.

Apparently neither of the fighters had heard a soft purring sound in the leaves of the cottonwood tree. Collins, the cook, was aroused from an afternoon nap by the shots and was standing in the doorway of the tent when he heard a fierce scream and saw a mountain lion fly from the tree through the air.

The bear half raised himself with outstretched paw and would doubtless have crushed the overbearing boy hunter if the lion that instant had not dropped squarely on his shaggy back. The boy fell under the bear, and the three combatants rolled over together in a heap. The bear got one of the lion's fore-paws in his mouth. When the animal turned over again young Holter found himself alone on the ground. He had reached his feet and started to run when the lion saw him, tore away his paw from the bear's mouth and jumped for the boy.

It was a second's race for life to the prospect hole. Holter leaped for it in time to miss a blow from the lion's paw. He fell between the sticks of timber which had been set to keep the walls from falling and landed head first on the bottom, which was fortunately but a few feet away. The lion followed, but was stopped by the timbers which had loosened and dropped. The boy remained there the rest of the day and until the next afternoon, because Collins was too frightened to go to his assistance. Col. Kennett expected that his son had been chewed up by the lion or was dead from fright when he returned from the side trip. He first threw a piece of raw beef into the prospect hole, and when this caught the hungry lion's attention the Colonel crawled to the edge and killed the lion at the first fire. Holter got out of the hole unhurt.—New York Sun.

Well Done, John!

J. A. Owen tells a touching story of shameful wrong done in a moment of passion to a faithful dog. The incident is given in the words of a friend of old John, the keeper. "He was a rare 'un for shooting" was the Squire, and the best pointers that could be had for money held him in his kennels. But Cyrus was the finest dog of the lot both as regards size and work in the field.

"He'd never made a miss, all the time the Squire shot over him. Well, one day when they was patridge-shooting, the birds went out o' one field and dropped over a bank into another. There was a gate at one end o' the bank, an' 'twas half-way open like.

"On they comes after the dog, the Squire an' John. An' now it come about no one knows, the dog might ha' been jealous, for there was another dog out with 'em, an' he might ha' been thinkin' about him. Any-way instead o' drawin' th'ough as usual, he cante ed th'ough, jest as if he'd been rangin'.

"Up got the covey; they was behind that bank. Cyrus turned round an' stopped dead still. He knowed, poor feller, he'd made a blunder for once in his life, an' old John told me he looked up at him real pitiful like. Lefo e he could say a word, the Squire swung his gun up to his shoulder, an' shot. Cyrus dead, an' then th'other dog out to old John, he says to him quiet, very quiet, though his face was white with temper.

"You b oke that dog in, or tried to; no break me in another that will not make a mistake."

"It was quite enough for the old feller, an' too much. Layin' the gun down, an' takin' the game bag from his shoulders, he says:

"Squire, I've been in your father's service an' yours for many years, an' I've been faithful to the best o' my means an' ways, such as they a e, but as long as I live, I'll never break another dog for you."

"The Squire looked at him for full a minute, and then he said, sort like: "John take my gun, an' carry it home. I shall shoot no mo e to-day. An' get Cyrus buried."

"An' then he walked away hasty like, as if he was glad to get away from the place. The old feller said he knowed he was sorry for what he done; but he never mentioned Cyrus after that, nor John didn't to the Squire neither."

Lost in His Art.

Sydney Owen, who was made suddenly famous by his novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," met a great actor at supper: Mr. Kimble (who says in her memoirs) was evidently much preoccupied. He was seated vis-a-vis, and repeatedly stretched his arms across the table for the purpose, as I sup-

posed, of holding himself to some board's head. A lady who happened to be the object of his attention, which, being a true Irish cathach heart, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a better Brutus than any in his repertoire of theatrical perukes. Succumbing at last in his purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and, addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked: "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Some Remarkable Things.

A short time ago Mr. N. Waterbury, a commission merchant in New York, gave utterance to the following: "Remarkable weather, remarkable times, remarkable everything, even to a remarkable Congress, have given us a remarkable market, but the most remarkable thing of all is that the great business centers of this country should be influenced by the weekly sale of a few tubs of butter at Elgin, Ill."

Commenting upon the above the Dairy World says: Now nearly all the remarkable things referred to in the above have been fully borne out by the events, but the remarkable thing predicated of the Elgin sales is to us an extremely remarkable utterance, and shows Mr. Waterbury to be a remarkable man with a remarkable fancy and a remarkable lack of a due comprehension of the facts. The only thing that would be at all remarkable about the Elgin market would be its lack of influence on the other markets. A district that can show such an immense volume of business in the course of a year as over \$8,000,000 worth of butter sold and can produce as uniformly fine and superior grades of butter as the Elgin district can show and produce, is entitled to set the step for the rest of the butter marts of the United States, and keep right at the head of the procession. When any other locality can do better both in quality and volume, then Elgin will need to look closely after her laurels.

Florida Citrus in Tree-Tops.

A writer tells of a surveying party who were resting at noon in a forest in Florida, when one of the men exclaimed, "I would give fifty cents a swallow for all the water I could drink."

He expressed the sentiment of the others; all were very thirsty, and there was not a spring or stream anywhere in the vicinity.

While the men were thus talking, the surveyor saw a crow put his bill into a cluster of broad, long leaves growing on the side of a tall cypress. The leaves were those of a peculiar air-plant. They were green, and bulged out at the bottom, forming an inverted bell. The smaller end was held to the tree by roots grappling the bark. Feeding on the air and water that it catches and holds, the plant becomes a sort of cistern. The surveyor sprang to his feet with a laugh.

"Boys," he said, "that old crow is wiser than every one of us."

"How so?" they asked.

"Why he knows that there are a hundred thousand water-tanks in this forest."

"Where?" they cried, in amazement.

The surveyor cut an air-plant in two, and drained nearly a pint of pure cold water from it. The men did not suffer for water after that, for every tree in the forest had at least one air-plant, and every air-plant contained a drink of water.

A Close Shave.

"The closest shave I ever heard of," remarked Capt. G. L. Merten, an ex-army officer, "was one I witnessed during the late war. It was during the heat of one of the most fearful conflicts we had. Shot and shell were flying around us like hail, and it was almost certain death for a man to expose his body from behind the fortifications where we were stationed. The enemy were gaining upon us, and it became evident that unless we received reinforcements the day would be lost. Our commanding officer called for a volunteer to ride about seven miles to where another part of our regiment was stationed. The errand was a most perilous one, but a young private stepped from the ranks and said he would take the risk. He accordingly started out, mounted on the General's horse. He had scarcely proceeded a dozen yards when a 24-pound shell struck the horse fairly in the chest. The animal stood rigid for a moment, and then disappeared. The shell had exploded in the horse and blown it into a thousand fragments. The most remarkable thing about it was that the soldier was not hurt in the least. He was merely blown into the air and drenched with blood, coming out with only a few scratches."—Globe Democrat.

The Divorce Evil.

The Chattanooga lament the the divorce evil and its enormous growth. The increase in the number of divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years ending in 1888 was 50 per cent. If the same percentage of increase in the number of divorces granted should continue indefinitely, at the end of fifty years about one-fourth of all the marriages in this country would be annulled by divorce, and 100 years from now fully one-half of all marriages would be terminated in this way. Obviously this is a growing evil. The enactment of laws which a e mo e uniform, and which will place severe restrictions upon the growth of the divorce trade will undoubtedly do much good. The real remedy, however, must come through the moral uplift of the nation and the acquisition of an individual spirit which will combat the growth of this pernicious business, for it has already assumed that status.

Propitiating the Domestic Tyrant.

In Berlin at the house of a celebrated physician and gynecologist, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into his service of a girl named Auguste Prill was lately celebrated in the most brilliant manner. All the members of the family, many of whom live at a great distance from Berlin, assembled to do the faithful servant honor, and she was loaded with beautiful gifts.—London Daily News.

Regular Wars—Pendulums

GREEK DEPUTIES AS BANDITS.

No Wonder the Land of Homer Is Unsafe for the Traveler.

The discovery that two Greek deputies have been acting as protectors of the bandits in the land of Homer shows the alarming power which robbers have acquired there. "The bandits," says a Berlin paper, "understand how to win the sympathies of the Greek officials. Indeed, the Mayor of Duzesti recently gave a dinner in the City Hall in honor of a robber band. A few days ago it was announced that the two Greek deputies, Ghianussis and Hadjilakis, were arrested on the charge of being professional robbers. The complaint against these two deputies is a unique document, reading as follows: "At the beginning of August, 1892, a band of robbers, under the command of the Messrs. K. Tsanaka and G. Tsouka, armed with Chassepot rifles, crossed the Greek border at Kastanka and appeared upon the Turkish estate of Hairedden Bey. After stealing everything possible, the robbers took possession of the landed proprietor, Hairedden Bey, and took him back to Greece. The deputies Ghianussis and Hadjilakis had already informed the border soldiers that their friends, eleven in number, would cross the border with a Turkish prisoner, and made arrangements that they facilitate as much as possible the return of the Greeks to their native country. The soldiers carried out the wishes of the deputies in the most friendly way and even supplied the band with victuals. One night was passed on the Turkish border. On the following night the band with the prisoner proceeded to the village Tekka, which belongs to Deputy Ghianussis, where the deputy and his two brothers, Constantin and Alexander, awaited them. After a short rest the robbers took their prisoner to the village of Duzesti. On Oct. 3 the two deputies, accompanied by Kristodoulos Dimakis, the Mayor of Kastanea, who was charged with the pursuit of the robbers, appeared in Duzesti, where a long conference with the prisoner followed. It was finally told him that he would be held captive until his family sent a certain ransom for him. This happened, in fact, in November. The money was divided among the two deputies, the Mayor of Kastanea and the band of robbers."

It is certainly small wonder that travel in parts of Greece is reported unsafe, when even members of the National Legislature, called to make laws, are accused of being professional bandits.

Expensive Thackerays.

Some months ago, for example, a copy of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was sold at public auction; true, it was a fine copy, but that was the only intrinsic or other merit which could be claimed for a publication which would be an imposition at any price. Another poor thing of Thackeray's which fetches large sums when it occurs in the market is "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," 1811, a trifle which Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in the quiet seclusion of the shade, would be surprised to hear realizes over 20 guineas.

With "Vanity Fair" (as with some other celebrated books) there are what may be described as two first editions, but the valuable one is that with the woodcut of the Marquis of Stoyne, which was suppressed after the issue of only a few copies; a copy of this example, when accompanied by the original wrappers and advertisements, fetches about £11—or about ten times as much as an ordinary first edition—for which amount a splendidly-bound edition de luxe copy of Thackeray's works in 24 volumes, with 1,500 wood engravings, 270 steel engravings and 88 colored illustrations, can be obtained. Upon what grounds, therefore, can this species of collecting be defended?—Fortnightly Review.

No Forgery for Him.

Among the candidates for appointment to vacancies on the police force in Dublin, was one Patrick Murphy, whose appearance before the Marshal was hailed with cries of "He can't write." The Marshal said he was only there to take down the names of applicants, who would come up a fortnight later for examination.

A friend set Murphy in a fair round hand the copy "Patrick Murphy," and then kept him practicing assiduously. When the eventful day arrived, "Take that pen," said the Mayor, "and write—write your name." As Pat took up the pen examinations arose: "That's a written; he's got a quill in his fist! Small good will it do him; he can't write with it."

All were dumfounded when Murphy recorded his name in a bold, round hand, and the Marshal declared, "That'll do; but one of them shouted:

"Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honor."

"Write my name, Murphy," said the Mayor.

"Write yer Honor's name!" exclaimed Pat. "He commit forgery, and goin' into the police! I daren't do it, yer Honor."

Uncle Sam's Expenses.

Some curious items enter into the expense account of Uncle Sam. Away out in Arizona, near the city of Florence, there is a ruin of the dwelling place of some prehistoric people. It is called Casa Grande. The government pays a man \$400 a year to watch Casa Grande and see that some Chicago architect doesn't carry it away for exhibition purposes.

The vaccination of Indians is a regular charge of \$1,000 a year to the United States Treasury.

The condition of Lo, the poor Indian, is the inspiration of much sympathy among certain Caucasian philanthropists. The regular budget for the red man this year reaches \$1,031,158.61. Next year it is expected to go to \$7,098,41. This covers a multitude of things which civilized people have never thought of. For instance, everyone of the 600 men Crows gets a \$10 suit of "good, substantial woolen clothing, consisting of a coat, hat, pants, aannel shirt and woolen socks."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

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